

The
Range Finders

Charles Frederick Wishart

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The range finders

The Range Finders

A MESSAGE TO THE MINISTRY

BY ✓

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With an Introduction by

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Presbyterian General Board of Education*



*Philadelphia
The Westminster Press*

1921

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To

My Father

WILLIAM WISHART

My Brothers

WILLIAM IRVINE WISHART

JOHN ELLIOTT WISHART

My Grandfather

SAMUEL IRVINE

My Uncle

SAMUEL GLASGOW IRVINE

My Cousins

SAMUEL ELLIOTT IRVINE

WILLIAM WISHART WILLIS

JOHN MILLER WISHART

My Nephew

WILLIAM LIGGITT WISHART

All ministers of God here or beyond the veil

I dedicate this little volume



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Introduction

Think of Isaiah advising lads to decline the prophetic office because of the smallness of the pay! Imagine Paul suggesting that young Timothy give up the work because congregations are unappreciative, or a Spurgeon leaving his pulpit to sell bonds! It is unthinkable. Those men were real prophets of God. They were under divine compulsion. "Woe is unto me, if I preach not" was the cry of every one of them. They did not belong to a profession with certain standards of dignity to maintain, and with specified remuneration for service. They were the called of the Lord, who went to the day's task as they began their life work, by seeking the counsel of him who is invisible.

Preaching is always in danger of becoming petty, for the reason that it is so easy when thinking of reasons and rewards to confuse the adventitious with the essential, to mistake secondary things for things fundamental. To young theological students the sermon seems all important. The

discourses of great preachers are analyzed and copied as if when homiletical skill had been attained a great preacher would necessarily result, unmindful of the truth so startlingly expressed by Augustus Hare that "In preaching, the thing of least consequence is the sermon." Some regard fitting gestures and a trained voice as prime requisites of success in the pulpit, attaching greater importance to a course of instruction in elocution than familiarity with the Word of God or the closet of prayer. No orator, popularly speaking, was that little, weak-eyed Jew of Tarsus. But what a preacher he was! With unerring insight Phillips Brooks was distinguishing between the vital and the casual in preaching, when he said: "It is so easy to be a John the Baptist as far as the desert and camel's hair and locusts and wild honey go. But the devoted heart to speak from and the fiery words to speak are other things."

A rare privilege is granted when a man of power consents to reveal the sources of his strength. President Wishart, himself so splendid an exemplar of his own ideals, gets back to fundamentals in his explanation of the place of the

preacher in modern life. He knows how to speak for God, other preachers delighting to sit at his feet and learn. From a large and varied storehouse of information and after a long and valuable experience as preacher, teacher of preachers, and college president, he is qualified to lead his readers to the sources of power. The title of his book, "The Range Finders," is a figure of speech that in itself is of far-reaching significance. In the Great War among the choicest, most daring, most patriotic of our brave lads were those who were eager to enlist in the air service. The danger of it only fascinated them the more. The pay was altogether inconsequential. The opportunity to do a big thing for country and humanity was the determining factor. Far up in the sky, apparently apart from the roar of guns and the dash of troops, the range finders are indeed the eyes of the army whose business it is to watch, to locate the enemies' forces and movements, to indicate distances, and report the tides of battle. The preacher is a range finder. In a sense he must detach himself from the conflicts of the mart and halls of legislation. But only in a sense, since he is a vital factor in the fight. It is for him to ob-

serve, to detect the danger spots, to report, and to counsel. No place in the battle plan is more fraught with danger and none is of greater strategic importance. In these days of world-wide peril and bewilderment there is urgent need of more range finders passionately devoted to the Lord's cause, skillful and unafraid.

EDGAR P. HILL

THE BACKGROUND

A mighty fortress is our God
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER

I

THE BACKGROUND

"I would be a big man if I would be on the job, Mr. President." So spoke an eager and importunate German butcher from the city of Chicago, whose friends, as ignorant as himself, had persuaded him to apply for a post in the diplomatic service. The gentle McKinley, always suave and kind, had intimated that the applicant was scarcely ambassador size. But the undaunted seeker after great things replied with these words, which, though they did not secure an office, expressed in homely form a living truth. It takes great tasks to make great men.

I am persuaded that the one factor which dwarfs a minister more than any other is his failure to realize the breadth and size and sweep of his task. William Carey wrote to a friend concerning his son who had taken a diplomatic post, that he had "shriveled up into an ambassador." If a minister has but caught the vision of his great office as an ambassador of the King of kings the

greatest posts of earthly distinction will seem poor and mean.

Consider the breadth of his background. See his work over against the sweep of the past. There are those who indict the past wholesale, and find their hope of future progress in complete divorce from it. But we cannot indict the past without at the same time indicting ourselves, because we are the products of the past. If, then, you bring a railing, wholesale accusation against all the thought and thinkers of the days gone by, you have cut the ground from underneath your own position, and have vitiated your own judgment by the repudiation of the very sources out of which your own thinking had its beginnings. No, it is worth while for us to get an estimate of the minister's task in the light of the days gone by.

Look at the heritage of the Christian minister. Scan the family line of the sons of the Spirit. There are those who live on their family line. There are others who try to live up to it. And there are perhaps those who strive to live it down. Every preacher who looks back over his family line in the glorious record of the prophets

views an inheritance which he dare not live on, which he need not live down, and which, if he could but live up to it, would incomparably broaden the range of his service.

In the old prophets we find men who did their work with a serene and unconquerable confidence that God was back of them. They were not always great men, nor were they even always men of great faith. But they were men of at least a little faith in the great God. Here was Moses, one of the first great preachers, receiving his commission and shrinking from it, crying "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" But God gave him the true angle for every preacher's attitude toward duty when he replied in substance, "Moses, the question is not who you are, but who I am." And then he gave him the warrant of the ineffable name, "I am that I am."

No matter who Moses was, back of him was the self-existent, the independent, uncaused, first Cause. When Beethoven learned that Napoleon had made himself dictator of France he tore the dedication sheets of his "Eroica Symphony" into fragments, cast them on the ground, stamped

upon them, and exclaimed, "Can it be that he, too, is only a common man?" But the old prophets did not dedicate their work to any man. God was their Hero. They spoke of him and for him. Fearless and valiant, they stood up from generation to generation witnessing for God whether men did hear or whether they did forbear.

So they were called prophets, literally "the mouths of God." And their mission can only be understood against a background of God's definite covenant with a nation and with themselves. So close is the union between Jehovah and his prophets that the messenger not infrequently loses himself in his message and utters God's words in the first person singular—and this quite naïvely and naturally, as if the personal ego were for the time absorbed in a higher consciousness—his soul becomes the meeting place where God speaks to Israel. Isaiah hears the thrilling call of his God, in the midst of a great national crisis, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and, surrendering himself to God, receives his commission by the authority of his master, "Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but under-

stand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not.” Amos, the farmer boy and herdsman and fruit gatherer, says, “Jehovah said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.” Ezekiel hears that voice, “Son of man, I send thee to the children of Israel.” Jeremiah shrinks from his task in terror, shrinks from it like the young Methodist preacher, smitten with stage fright on the occasion of his first sermon before the bishop, so sorely smitten that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. It was a rough and ready age, and the bishop was a rough and ready agent. “Young man,” he said, “you go ahead and preach or I will give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life.” So the young man preached, and afterwards became a bishop himself. Jeremiah, frightened in like manner, cried, “Ah, Lord Jehovah! behold, I know not how to speak; for I am a child.” But Jehovah said, “Say not, I am a child; for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them; for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith Jehovah.” This was the thrilling consciousness that ran through the whole

line of the prophets. Little men sometimes, timid men sometimes, but theirs the power of Elijah, "As Jehovah, the God of Israel, liveth, before whom I stand." Back of them was the great God, and they were never, never, to fear the face of man.

THE SUPREME APPEAL

Pilot, how far from home?
Not far, not far to-night,
A flight of spray, a sea-bird's flight,
A flight of tossing foam,
And then the lights of home!

And yet again, how far?
And seems the way so brief?
Those lights beyond the roaring reef
Were lights of moon and star,
Far, far, none knows how far!

Pilot, how far from home?
The great stars pass away
Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam!
I see the lights of home.

ALFRED NOYES

II

THE SUPREME APPEAL

Not only had these rugged old sons of the Spirit the consciousness that God was back of them. Their splendid virility and courage were also based upon their conviction of an unlimited future before them.

It has been noted that in earlier forms the Old Testament was divided into three parts. The first was called the Law, the second the Prophets, and the third the Other Writings; or, to put it more simply, the Writings. This threefold division was in the mind of Jesus when he said to his disciples, "These are my words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms, concerning me." Here was the threefold grouping of the early Old Testament. The first contained what we commonly call the Pentateuch. The third contained the poetical writings, and the books commonly called the Chronicles. But the second group, the Books of the Prophets, was

itself divided into three sections. The first of these was called the Former Prophets, and included Joshua, Judges, the Books of Samuel, and the Books of the Kings. It is true these four books were historical, but they were history from the point of view of the prophets. That is, they were history not for the sake of narration but for the sake of exhortation, the driving home of great moral lessons. The second group was called the Later Prophets, and included Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and, later on, Daniel. Then there was the third group of twelve books, from Hosea to Malachi, called the Little Prophets—as we say, the Minor Prophets—not, it may be noted, from the smallness of the men, but from the brevity of the books.

Now it will be observed that, in the first group of prophetic writings, prophecy was really in the form of history. In the later groups it was in the form of sermons. The reason for this fact may be found when we consider that in the earlier history of Israel the prophets were controlling the course of events. They were not writing things. They were doing things. It was not the record of history, but the enacting of history,

that concerned them. Moses and Samuel were great controllers of public policies. Nathan and Elijah and Elisha at certain times in their careers were almost public dictators. They shaped and molded the events of their time as Athanasius did, as John Calvin did, as John Knox did, as John Witherspoon did.

But there came a time when the national life swung away from the control of the prophets and when, unable longer to keep the nation true to God and to duty, these men began to write down their sermons. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, met a crushing defeat by the overthrow of a reform measure for which he had been laboring. When it seemed as if his grip had gone, when, as the Irishman expressed it, his "future was behind him," the grand old man reared himself in the midst of sneering, taunting, exulting foes, his eyes flashing, his voice trumpet-toned, and thundered out, "I appeal to time."

So with these old prophets. When the current went against them, when they could no longer keep Israel true to the pure worship of Jehovah, they appealed to time. They began to write

down their sermons for the future. And with Hosea and Amos we have the beginnings of written prophecy, of a prophetic writing which consisted not, like the earlier literature, of narrative concerning a prophet's action, but rather of messages—in the form of sermons—appealing to time, confident in the ultimate triumph of right. In a word, written prophecy in the form of sermons began just at the point when the messenger first felt that from an evil present he must look out toward a better future; that like blind Milton in the days of the second Charles, having fallen “on evil days . . . and evil tongues, in darkness, and with dangers compassed round,” he must commit to writing the oracles of God, and hand down to the generations that were to follow the splendor and glory of his own timeless vision.

So the prophet, who was first only a “forth-teller” for God, became a “foreteller,” a seer, a forward-looking evangelist of a kingdom which was yet to come. It has been a commonplace to point out that prophecy does not essentially imply prediction. This is only half of the truth. The grim inhibitions of the present forced him to

reach out to a better future. At first this future was confined to the present life. But gradually the force of his own logic and the burning warmth of his instincts swept him out beyond the limits of this life. He began to see that the coming Kingdom, as Kant put it, "sphered out into eternity." The doctrine of personal immortality, at first a mere glimmer, grows brighter and brighter as we proceed, because the prophets came to realize that their appeal to future time for the vindication of righteousness and punishment of evil was in reality an appeal to eternity. They began to see on the eastern sky line of the future the dawnings of the glorious day when Jesus would bring life and immortality to light in his gospel. Confronted by an evil present and by certain death, they felt that instinctive scorn of "victory such as the present gives," which is so finely expressed by Browning's "Grammarian":

Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes,
Live now or never!"

He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever."

They tell us of Thomas Carlyle walking one day with Bishop Wilberforce, and of how he

suddenly stopped and said with great earnestness, "Bishop, have you a creed?" "Yes, I have," said the bishop, "and I believe it very firmly. Only one thing troubles me." "What is that?" said Carlyle. "The slow progress that my creed seems to be making in the world," replied the bishop. "Ah!" rejoined the great Scotsman, "If you have a creed you can afford to wait."

"Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter."

THE SUPREME FRATERNITY

\

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson,
 wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the
 burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier
 world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize,
 world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes,
 up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing,
 as we go, the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we,
 and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, we
 the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

—WALT WHITMAN

III

THE SUPREME FRATERNITY

We have thus far noted the greatness of our heritage received from men who did their work with a constant sense of a personal and powerful God back of them and an unlimited future before them. There is now a third general remark which should be made concerning them. Living in different times and nations and circumstances, there was a definite, corporate character about the whole line of prophets. They belonged to a great fraternity that had a common creed and a common language. Their sermons were introduced by an unvarying formula. Each man used the writings which were his heritage from the older members of the fraternity. Doctor Moulton has pointed out that up to the time of John Milton the highest mark of literary merit was not originality, but the skillful use of the material handed down by other writers. All modern notions of plagiarism are strictly post-Miltonic, as every reader of Elizabethan literature will abundantly

testify. So these old prophets freely and naïvely used the writings of those who had gone before. There was even a common method of speech and a dramatic similarity in the illustration and enforcement of truth. Study four wonderful preachers like Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah, and you find in them the widest possible variations. Country preachers and city preachers; polished masters of rhetoric and crude, wild, exhorters; urbane men of affairs and boorish peasants; varying temperamentally—one leaning toward pessimism, another toward optimism; one stern, another tender; one logical, another emotional; but in spite of these differences they are a blood brotherhood, standing on the ground of the same divine covenant, holding the same creed, appealing to the same motives, laboring for the same objectives; and though generations of time separated their activities, yet the work of one became the heritage of another, and through the whole line we feel the thrill of a glorious, spiritual fraternity. That fraternity was the herald of the democracy and brotherhood of to-day, and its voice is still pleading, trumpet-tongued, against everything that is small and

mean and base, and for everything that is big and true and fine in modern life.

In these days when, possibly by his own fault, more probably by the faulty conditions of modern life, the prophet is set down in some minds as an amiable but nonessential supernumerary, a genial parasite, an ornamental adjunct to life, a "drinker of tea and a ringer of door-bells," it means much to him to get back to the virile picture of his forbears, interpreters of God, not fearing the face of man, knights errant of life's highest romance—keeping the soul of the world alive.

There is much that narrows and belittles the preacher's point of view in these days. Sometimes he feels shut up to a life of puttering. Sometimes he is the victim of disillusion in that middle-age reaction which often follows upon the idealisms of youth. "What a genius I was when I wrote that book!" cried Swift when he looked upon a work of his early manhood. Millais, in the presence of a collection of pictures which he had painted in the splendid glow of his early youth, burst into tears and fled from the room. Sometimes, too, the spiritual guides of men become saddened and disillusioned as they look

back on the splendid ideals of youth and then realize the poor and bare and futile fulfillments of middle age.

How it braces us to gaze across the generations, stretching like mountain peak beyond mountain peak, and catch the ringing echoes that come from the lips of the spiritual watchmen and warders of the centuries, to feel ourselves a part, if ever so little a part, of the splendid fraternity of men who in every age and time have stood forth to speak for men to God and for God to men! The late Sylvester Horne, whose early, lamented death has left an unfillable vacancy in the ranks of the fraternity, has given to his brothers a final message in those burning words of his on "The Romance of Preaching": "Who should be proud of their calling if not we? What other history has ever equaled ours? Think of the procession of the preachers! No range of mountains has ever been high enough to stay their progress; no river deep and broad enough to daunt them; no forests dark and dense enough to withstand their advance. No poet has ever sung the epic of their sacrifices. Was ever such a romance? Was ever love exalted to so pure a

passion? Was ever in the human soul so unquenchable a fire? Silver and gold they had none. They did not seek to win mankind by materialistic gifts. Such as they had they gave. The alms they distributed were faith, hope, love. Wherever they went they trod a pilgrim road and flung forth their faith, often to a skeptical and scornful generation. But what heeded they? They passed onward from frontier to frontier, the legion that never was counted, and, let us add, that never knew defeat.

“Gradually, before their message, ancient pagan empires tottered, heathen despots bowed the head, in the lands of Goth and Vandal stately cathedrals reared their splendid towers and spires, and the battle music of the Christian crusades rang triumphantly in chiming bells and pealing organs over conquered races. In the recesses of Indian forests, up the dark rivers of Africa and South America that often flowed red, along the frozen coasts of Greenland and Labrador, the pioneer preachers made their pilgrimage. Let every village preacher who climbs into a rude rostrum to give out a text and preach a sermon to a meager handful of somewhat stolid hearers,

remember to what majestic Fraternity he belongs, and what romantic traditions he inherits. He, too, is the servant of the Spirit."

Yes, we are comrades in the fellowship of the Spirit with the great souls whose words and works are the hinges upon which the doors of history have turned. The fellowship of Paul, the swarthy little Christian Jew whose work-gnarled hand shook the world; of Athanasius, the "manikin" giant, the dwarflike, godlike defender of the faith, with his piercing intellect and his glowing heart; of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed orator, whose mellow tones vibrated in the hearts of men until they roused an answering note from the deepest chords of their nobler natures; of old John Calvin, thundering God's sovereignty and human democracy and church union at Geneva; of John Knox as he confronted Queen Mary or pounded the pulpit at Saint Giles, fearing neither the face of the "pleasing gentlewoman" nor the face of a mob; of Luther at Worms; of John Wesley as his brother Charles described him, coming out of a riot "looking like a good soldier of Jesus, his clothes all torn and bloody"; of John Witherspoon, steadying and upholding his timid fellow country-

men through the revolutionary crisis; of Henry Ward Beecher at Birmingham and Manchester and Liverpool, swinging the decisive opinion of Great Britain's middle class to the American Union at the darkest crisis hour of human destiny in the new world; yes, if you please, the fellowship of the spirit with men like Cardinal Mercier, the one voice in Belgium which the hand of the oppressor could not silence; of all these we are the heirs and the blood brothers. Comrades of the Christian ministry, dare we be small or cowardly with these at our back?

“Was it for mere fools-play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's ‘Come!’ and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

“How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right;
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise; no care for cowards:
fight!”

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

IV

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR

The modern minister needs all the breadth and vigor and healthy mindedness, all the insistence on the practical application of means to ends, all the spirit of give and take, the grim determination to play out the game, the shutting of the teeth to do the thing accounted impossible or to perish in the effort, the shrewd admixture of courage and caution, that make the captain of industry or the successful general. The day has gone by when piety can cloak laziness, when spirituality may camouflage slack and shuffling and flabby inefficiency. During the Civil War a certain company became known as the "Lazy Squad," and had earned its name. In desperation their captain, endeavoring to shame his men, offered a two days' furlough for rest to all who would volunteer. It is said that fifty-nine men of the sixty accepted the offer by stepping forward two paces. When the captain asked the sixtieth man why he too had not volunteered, the

calm patriot replied, "I am too lazy." The man who is almost too lazy to be lazy is being eliminated in Christian service as everywhere else. He who enters the ministry for a rest cure is first in need of a mental cure.

There has been much modern thinking in the direction of what the philosophers call pragmatism. I am not really sure that anyone, including the pragmatists, knows exactly what it is. It seems to mean that whatever works well is, for that reason, true. It is true for you if it works well for you, and false for me if it works ill for me. True to-day if its practical outworkings are favorable, false to-morrow if the practical effects are disastrous. My own difficulty has been in assuming a standard by which I may judge whether a thing has worked favorably or not. I can understand how the practical outworkings of a belief will test its truth, but not so clearly how the practical outworkings of it are the basis of truth. For unless I have some basis or standard by which to judge I cannot determine how it works. I am left like Archimedes, without a fulcrum for the lever. I am in a state of uncertainty as hopeless as that of the sweet high-

school graduate who wrote the essay, tied up in pink ribbon, on the topic "Whither are we drifting, and if so to what extent?"

But that is neither here nor there. There is much in pragmatism which is true but not new, as there is possibly something which is new but not true. In the sense that life itself is greater than logic and subjects our theories to practical tests on which in the end our belief in their truth relies: in this sense we are all pragmatists. For two thousand years ago it was said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." And again it was said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But this tendency of human thinking is a faithful reflection of the temper of our times. We live in an age which is intensely, intolerantly practical. It demands to see the truth at work. The modern man flings out his challenge: "If you have the doctrine let us see what it can do." To the boast of a Glendower, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," he replies with the skepticism of a Hotspur, "Why, so can I, or so can

any man; but will they come when you do call for them?" Is the truth we proclaim bringing the results? As the old revolutionary patriot put it, "Will the Constitution march?"

And this means work. "Know thy work," said Carlyle, "and work at it like a very Hercules. One monster there is in all this world, an idle man." This will leave little time or room for fuss and flummery and affectation and ecclesiastical millinery. There was a great gospel preacher in days of old whose personality was so overpowering that when a man met him he fell down at his feet to do him reverence. But this preacher said: "Stand up. I myself also am a man." This is our watchword. "I myself also am a man." The preacher is only a man. He must learn to think, not of the claims of the cloth, but of its obligations. The average preacher is perhaps not embarrassed with undue reverence in this age; but for all that there is a subtle danger that we should allow the responsibility of the shepherd to be displaced by the exactions of the official. Lowell once said that "The minister must constantly be on his guard against the emphasis on the perquisites and prerogatives of his office."

Mightier than Lowell was One who said, "He that is great among you, let him be your minister."

There is always this official temptation lurking in the pulpit, with its dangerous development of dogmatism in those who talk without anyone to talk back. This tendency, if not inhibited, brings the preacher at last to that "Sir Oracle" attitude of the Lord Chancellor in the play:

"The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my lords, embody the Law."

To this end a heaven-born but humanly cultivated sense of humor is one of the most essential aids toward a true proportion. It helps us, while we take our tasks seriously, so that we should not take ourselves too seriously. We must also remember that, while truth is objective and authoritative, it is organic and vital rather than mechanical and mathematical. It is to be driven home to men, not by hard dogmatism, but by warm, persuasive appeal to the inner experience of the hearer on the plane of equality and in an atmosphere of brotherhood. There is no better introduction to the heart of the average man in

the pew than the quite simple expedient of remaining human in the pulpit. It is said that the mother of George the Third used to nag him constantly with the admonition, "George, be a king." It ought to be dinned into the ear of every preacher, present or prospective, "My son, be a man."

And this means not only to keep within one's limitations, but to measure up to his obligations. He is only a man, but he must be all of a man. If he is not to overreach, still less is he to fall short. No man living should have greater care in cultivating a fine scorn of all that is belittling or puerile or sordid. Not yet extinct is the brood of false prophets who called forth from Milton the blistering indictment in "Lycidas" of those who

For their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!

The mercenary and puttering minister; the stock-selling, promoting minister; the minister

who "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning" is on the whole the most abject caricature of manhood which ever cumbered God's green earth. I pray you, avoid him altogether.

All this means to know the manhood of hard, unrelenting labor. George William Curtis once wrote, "An engine of one cat power running all the time is more effective than one of forty horse power standing still." This reminder is peculiarly needful for the minister, because of all men it is easy for him to lie down on his task. He has no taskmaster but his own conscience and a certain fearful looking-for of the "deadline." But he must not only be in constant touch with the practical lives of men, he must also be a reader and digester of the great books. The best preacher and the best new book are to be wedded together until death do them part. And some of the best new books are several hundred years old.

There is, moreover, really no way of reading books except to read them. Notebooks, scrap-books, clippings, filing cabinets, and the like are good servants but bad masters. An eminent writer in the *British Weekly* indicates an evil

all too common on this side the Atlantic, namely, a "fat envelope bulging with clippings, while the owner is intellectually poor and lean." There is such a thing as too much routine and too little assimilation. "It is more important to fill the head and the heart than to fill the filing cabinet." The story that goes home is never taken out of a handy encyclopedia of illustrations. May the curse of the master of all good homiletics rest upon the day in which these evil devices were first brought into being. The effective illustration must first "soak in," become part of ourselves, and then flow out "as effortless as woodland nooks send violets up and paint them blue."

Above all must the preacher be steeped and soaked and saturated in the Bible. For him Walter Scott was right. In the sense of utter preëminence and with no real second, "There is but one book." Still is it true as the couplet ran in days of old:

"These hath God married,
No man can part;
Dust on the Bible,
Drought in the heart."

THE RANGE FINDERS

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I know of a land that knows a Lord
That is neither brave nor true;
And I know of a sword, a sword, a sword,
That can cut a chain in two,
Its edge is keen, its blade is broad;
I know of a sword, a sword, a sword,
That can cut a chain in two.

I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Where true hearts faint and tire;
And I know of a name, a name, a name,
That can set the land on fire,
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame;
I know of a name, a name, a name,
That can set the land on fire.

I know of hearts that hate the wrong,
Of souls that are brave and true;
And I know of a song, a song, a song,
That can break their fetters through.
Oh you who long and long and long,
I will give you the song, the song, the song,
That can break your fetters through.

—*From the Songs of the Sons of Jaffir,*
translated from the Persian

V

THE RANGE FINDERS

Despite wails to the contrary, I am persuaded that never in the history of the Christian Church did the preacher have as wide an opportunity for public leadership as now. Every man acquainted with the inner facts knows how the Great War drives came back to the Church for their motive power in terms of men and money. There have been attempts to make it appear that ministerial leadership was negligible in the great crisis. Such attempts must be either ignorant or insincere. Without ministerial leadership the war work of the Y. M. C. A. would have been impossible. In large population centers preachers stood out as the leaders around whom was crystallized most of our patriotic and philanthropic service. When one thinks of Jowett and Fosdick and Cadman and Hillis in Greater New York, of President King and McAfee in France, of Stone in Chicago, of Boyd in Portland, of Matthews in Seattle, of Freeman in Pasadena, of Francis in Los Angeles,

of Alexander in Pittsburgh, of Wood in Washington, and many, many more of equal rank, he is dealing with personalities around whom, more than any single layman that could be named, the patriotic idealism of their respective communities crystallized. The tasks of peace and reconstruction also have the supreme places for the preacher who can fill them. The armor is hanging ready for the man who can put it on. The sword of Ulysses awaits its wielder. The battles of peace and reconstruction are in some respects more complex and even more discouraging than were those physical combats fought out on the sodden fields of Flanders. Without the preacher there would be no hope. Where no vision is, the people perish. And where there is no prophet the vision will perish.

In the Great War the airmen became the eyes of the army. The observer, ten thousand feet in the air, had a range of vision utterly impossible to the man in the trenches. He saw many miles behind the line and many miles in front of the line. He was able to signal to the man on the ground the effect of his shots, the alignment of the enemy's forces, the location of his own

reserves. The prophet is in like manner the airman, the range finder, of civilization's great battle. He looks backward through history, and in the light of that vision peers onward in prophecy; he sees the sweep of events, the broad outlines of the battle, as the man on the street can never see them. In the great moral issues that call for world-wide and time-long statesmanship, it is the preacher, with his sweep of history and prophecy, who should have the range; while the layman, too often dealing only in the light of his own times, is able to see but little behind him or ahead of him. It is the business of the prophet to give the range to the practical man in the trenches. He will often find this a difficult task. The man on the ground will distrust him. The sky pilot, he complains, is not sufficiently acquainted with the making of trenches; he does not keep his feet on the earth; he is "up in the air"; he is an impractical "dreamer of dreams, who dreams that he is dreaming." Our task of giving the range to the man on the ground is all the more difficult because some ministerial airmen have not appreciated the full meaning of their mission, have underrated the "prize of

the high calling of God in Christ," have not trained themselves to see fearlessly and clearly, have indulged in spectacular looping of the loop and other sensational stunts, have "played such tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." But this must not deter the honest airman from his task. He is the eyes of the advancing army of civilization, and while he is not to plume himself upon his elevation nor to feel for one moment superior to the man whose duty is the service of the trenches: yet he is, with clear courage and incorruptible fidelity, to report his observations to the great army of laymen who must depend upon him for the long ranges of life and thought.

Every thinking idealist to-day has come to feel that another world war means the end of civilization, and that the only alternative is an organized world. Some alignment of civilized peoples for the prevention of war is at hand. It is the ideal for which the Church has prayed and dreamed through two thousand years, the passionate dream of her Lord. Was there ever such an opportunity for the Christian minister who lives "above the fog in public duty and in private

thinking" to lead the world toward the better day? It will take courage, for partisanship will growl and snarl; musty traditionalism will shrink and tremble; narrow selfishness, which must either explain away, apologize for, or stultify Jesus of Nazareth, will thunder against him. But let the preacher, valiant and undaunted, give forth his message as did our "peers, the heroes of old." We must bring the Church to her true position of world leadership in the tasks of peace; she must never again by her praise and prayers drown the wail of the widow and the orphan. She must never again be indifferent to the rights and the wrongs of labor. She must do exact and equal justice between the rich lords of the land and the poor lords only of their hands. She must hold steadily the brotherhood and democracy of Christ over against the hideous red menace of Bolshevism. Nor must she forget the cruel conditions which have sometimes stimulated this menace. She must have eyes to see if, as Ruskin has said, "under her very sanctuary windows she may behold the grass beat level by the drift of human blood." She must by her service to the community show the modern

priests of Baal that the Lord God of Elijah lives and reigns. As Spurgeon once said, "The God that answereth by orphanages, let him be God."

There is a story of a certain piazza at Rome where stands the statue of the old emperor, Marcus Aurelius. It comes from the hand of an unknown sculptor, is of very early date, but a most impressive work of art. When the great Michelangelo first came to gaze upon that life-like figure, every line of the horse and the man bespeaking action, energy incarnate, the artist, enraptured, cried out: "Camina! Camina!" (Go on then! Go on then!)

The Church of Jesus Christ has the equipment and the resources and the message and the men. In her hand is the only power that can win in the struggle for a better world. It is hers yet to hide, by the crown of universal empire, the scar marks of the crown of thorns. Brethren of the holy ministry, look at her powers and her possibilities, and let us cry to her: "Go on then! Go on then!" And by God's good grace let us lead her on, a mighty army, ready for the struggle, and supremely confident of victory.

THE INNER CHAMBER

Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done;
Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin it
Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.

Oh the regret, the struggle and the failing!
Oh the days desolate and useless years!
Vows in the night, so fierce and unavailing!
Stings of my shame and passion of my tears!

How have I seen in Araby Orion,
Seen without seeing, till he set again,
Known the night-noise and thunder of the lion,
Silence and sounds of the prodigious plain!

How have I knelt with arms of my aspiring
Lifted all night in irresponsible air,
Dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring,
Blank with the utter agony of prayer!

Shame on the flame so dying to an ember!
Shame on the reed so lightly overset!
Yes, I have seen him, can I not remember?
Yes, I have known him, and shall Paul forget?

—FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

VI

THE INNER CHAMBER

I have thus far been urging the qualities of decision and resolution, of clear, practical action, of broad vision and courage and hard work. I now turn to the inner life of the preacher. Reference has already been made to the necessity of Bible study. There will be no misunderstanding, I am sure, in indicating something even deeper and more vital. It has been pointed out that when Jesus met his first great temptation in the wilderness he fell back upon the written word of God, and conquered. But when he faced his second great temptation, after the feeding of the five thousand, he had learned the divine art of listening to his Father, so that he no longer needed to fall back upon the Scriptures, but went to God direct, and, face to face with him in the night on the mountain side, wrestling in prayer, came away a victor. And when the third great temptation assailed him in Passion Week, when Greece was beckoning to him with her rosy

fingers—Greece, with her art and literature and poetry, showing to him a pathway of light, wreathed in flowers, bidding him turn away from the hard and ugly cross—mark you, in that extreme moment of temptation, so accustomed was he to direct fellowship with God that he no longer needed even to go to God, for God came to him. At the first cry, “Save me from this hour . . . glorify thy name,” came the divine response, “I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.”

We need our daily periods of study of the Word of God, but we need something more. We must learn to go to him and talk face to face, as a man talketh with a friend. And having learned the art of listening to him, having the habit of fellowship, then in our times of greatest need and stress the moment we consciously reach out to him, lo, we find him by our side to help us. The inner life of every great preacher has been the fountain-head of his power. “They looked unto him and were radiant.” There was a preacher of old concerning whom a discerning woman said, “Behold, now I perceive that this is a holy man of God, that passeth by us continually.” What a tribute

to the preacher! Akin to it was the wholly innocent remark of a little girl who went to the front door and found Phillips Brooks standing there. Going back to her mother she said she did not know who the stranger was, but thought he must be Jesus.

And this does not mean sanctimoniousness, but sanctity; not cant, but a splendid radiance out of an overflowing, spiritual life within. With the rapidly swinging pendulum of human thought, which always describes the entire arc from extreme to extreme, the time is coming, if it is not already here, when the social and practical and administrative side of ministerial service may grow out of all proportion to the inner sources of it. We are already in danger of undue emphasis on social qualities, on ability as a mixer, on genius for organization, rather than on the dynamic of a life daily in touch with God. Many a man to-day is too much of a promoter to be a prophet. And we dare not forget that Jesus, with a choice of the outer and inner ministry, deliberately chose the latter. In the busiest crisis he systematically withdrew himself for fellowship with his Father. "For their sakes I sanctify myself." I quote

from an editorial published a few years ago in *The Century*: "The minister has to study, and to pray; he has to lead the worship of his people; he has to preach; he has to go about on errands of mercy to the sick and sorrowful and sinful; in the midst of a generation occupied with things material he has to uphold ideals and represent the essential merits of religion. There are plenty of people to study sociology, and to organize philanthropy; the minister specially demands all his time and thought if he is to save our souls by building up character that shall be buttressed in principle:

‘For he that feeds man serveth few;
He serveth all who dares be true.’”

Moreover, an inner life of prayer and fellowship with God is a minister's sole guaranty against the most tragic fear that when he has preached Christ he, too, may be cast away. It is the path to certainty, and certainty is the path to peace. For the intellect is a blind alley. The surest conclusions of science rest upon assumptions which can never be proved. When we assume that things fall into fixed classes, that law is universal, that the order of nature is uniform, that

the cosmos is rational and truthful and intelligible we are assuming that which faith can supply but reason can never demonstrate. Nay more, when we bank upon the trustworthiness of our own mental processes we are making a very vast assumption indeed; for sanity and insanity, so far as we are able to prove, may be only a matter of majorities. If there were more of the insane than of us who call ourselves sane, they might some day be outside looking in and we inside looking out. In the sense of demonstration science knows nothing of the nature of matter or force, nothing of the origin of motion, nothing of the beginnings of sensation, consciousness, thought, speech, or free will. Says Professor Huxley, "Man is conscious of his own mind and of certain shadow shapes projected thereon, but outside these limits he cannot travel." Kant said that the human understanding is an island and by its very nature inclosed within unchangeable boundaries. It is the country of truth, but surrounded by a wild and stormy ocean, the special abode of phantoms, where many a bank of ice, soon to melt away, holds out a lying promise of new regions; and while it perpetually deceives

the seafarer with the faint hope of discoveries it continually entangles him in adventures from which he can never get loose and which he can never bring to any result.

“Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same Door where in I went.”

What then? Is there no such thing as certainty and peace? Yes, thank God, there is. Not the certainty of mathematical demonstration, but one infinitely deeper and better, the certainty of life. Science assumes the validity of reason because it must do so in order to think. Faith assumes the validity of the religious instincts because we must do so in order to live. It is a larger thing to live than even to think. None can think without living. Some do live without thinking. Certainty is not produced by the coercion of data from without, but by the adjustment of the life within to the life about us. When that adjustment has been normally made, then we know, we realize truth, not by the dull, flickering candle of reason, but by the swift, sure flash of intuition. “Whereas I was blind, now I

see." Be assured that no system can ever live which vetoes the demands of the religious nature. Be assured that life is a larger thing than logic. Be assured that truth is more than facts; that truth is facts plus relations, plus environment, plus atmosphere; and that the deeper things of life can never yield themselves to technical analysis. When, as Professor James put it, you reduce the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven to the scraping of a horse's hairs over the intestines of a cat you have a materialistic analysis, but you have missed the soul of the truth. The mother knows more of life than the sociologist, and the father than the philosopher. And still it stands true that except we become as little children we cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven. Now the impregnable logic of the Christian minister is this, that when materialism has analyzed our faith and plucked it to pieces by rigorous, intellectual process, then the demands of life itself compel him to give back to us the very things which he tried to destroy. As Browning has put it in his "Christmas Eve":

When the Critic had done his best,
And the pearl of price, at reason's test,
Lay dust and ashes levigable
On the Professor's lecture-table—

When we looked for the inference and monition
That our faith, reduced to such condition,
Be swept forwith to its natural dust-hole—
He bids us, when we least expect it,
Take back our faith—if it be not just whole,

“Go home and venerate the myth
I thus have experimented with—
This man, continue to adore him
Rather than all who went before him,
And all who ever followed after!”

He who knows that adorable Man will find that
as deep answers to deep the hearts of men will
leap to his message. He will see once and again
the strange, new light on sin-hardened faces.
He will hear the fond old faith confessed by
repentant lips. He will behold the scoffer rise
“smitten across the forehead by that light which
falls from out those celestial spaces whence all
men come and whither all souls haste.”

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CROSSES AND COMPENSATIONS

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“The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do
I said, ‘You get somebody else, or wait till I get through.’
I don’t know how the Lord came out, but he seemed to
get along—
But I felt kind of sneaking like—knowed I’d done God
wrong—
One day I needed the Lord, needed him right away—
And he never answered me at all, but I could hear him say—
Down in my accusin’ heart—‘Nigger, I’s got too much
to do;
You get somebody else, or wait till I get through.’
Now when the Lord have a job for me I never tries to shirk
I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord’s
work;
And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get through,
Nobody else can do the job that God’s marked out for you.”

VII

CROSSES AND COMPENSATIONS

By the very terms of his calling the prophet must needs endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For him sacrifice is not a momentary impulse, but a lifelong principle. Through the period of the recent war there were many who experienced the first test of real, altruistic service, and who on a flood tide of emotionalism swung out into passionate self-dedication; but it was only for the moment. Many of these have now, alas, returned to the fleshpots and are gaily joy-riding through orgies of excess and indulgence. But the man who turns his face toward the Christian ministry enters not for a brief, romantic, and passionate self-immolation; rather does he face for his whole life long a deliberate program whose vital principle is to be found in steadfast self-denial. "A man must live," whined a timeserver to Thomas Carlyle. "I fail to see the necessity," retorted the gruff Scotch philosopher. The minister must not count his life dear unto himself, but be willing even to sacrifice that

primal instinct to the spiritual imperatives of his high calling. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," was the Devil's maxim. But the minister follows a Leader who charged men to take up their cross and follow him, and who counted not his own life dear unto himself.

And the most difficult thing about it is that this sacrificial principle does not crystallize in one great romantic crisis, but must be manifest through years of routine heroisms amid the little vexations, the "briers that sting and fret," of daily life. He must put his calling ahead of his bodily comfort. Said a great minister of old, writing to his friend, "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, bring when thou comest, and the books, especially the parchments," which last were doubtless the precious pages of the Holy Scripture. And these three items, ministering in turn to the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual needs of the man, were in the order of an ascending climax. Another great preacher, Erasmus, wrote in his diary, "When I get some money I will get me some Greek books and then some clothes."

The modern prophet, moreover, is dealing some-

times with men whose ears are deaf and whose hearts are hardened to the great evangel. Foolish men say glibly that the plain preaching of a simple gospel will always draw crowds. It is the utterance of superficial folly. The common people did not always hear Jesus gladly. They crowded to him for a while, but he himself had no illusions. They sought him, he said, not from spiritual motives but from mercenary motives, not because they saw the spiritual sign but because they did eat of the loaves and were filled. And when at the very crisis of his ministry he spoke in plain terms his message of personal salvation through vital union with himself, by faith, the multitude went away from him. Protesting, excusing, explaining, each with his separate alibi, they slunk away. Only the little inner group of intimates remained; because, as they confessed in a kind of dazed fashion, they had nowhere else to go. During the last half of his ministry Jesus was not a popular preacher in the attraction of great masses of men, but worked largely at the training of smaller groups in retired places. So, too, his prophets will not necessarily be popular preachers. They deal

with souls who, as James Russell Lowell once said, have had the thought of God fattened out of them. Sometimes, too, with those who have had the thought of God frozen out of them in these days when the modern man has succeeded in making "science popular, metaphysics intelligible, and vice respectable." The minister deals also with men and women in whom religion has assumed forms of piosity. He endures the criticisms of the crabbed. He must humor the crotchets of Auntie Doleful. He is thwarted by the narrowness of the ignorant, and the inertia of those who perish for want of vision. Sometimes in his official boards he must meet and deal with the selfishness of the unconverted or the half converted. And once and again he is impelled to cry, in the old metrical translation of David,

"Alas for me, but I so long
Sojourn with Mesech's godless race,
And near the tents of Kedar's throng
Am forced to make my dwelling place."

Moreover, he shares with the doctor the privation of having no time that he can call his own. A minister who has never spent all night at the bedside of the dying, and then been compelled

in physical weakness and weariness to preach the next day, has really never yet made proof of his high calling. He goes on vacation, and unless he is beyond the reach of the telegraph he may be called at any time back to ministry in the emergencies of sickness and death. He works constantly at the expense of nerves and brain cells. Those fatuous people who at the close of a service with unpardonable banality assure him that they "enjoyed his talk," do not realize that, if it was a real message, he was giving them not simply speech, but lifeblood; that if he had opened a vein and let the warm current fall, drop by drop, upon the platform, it would have meant no greater wasting of vital energies. Physical labor means that happy condition where "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." But the enforced sedentary life of the studious minister, with the constant strain on brain and nerves, brings often the blue devils of dyspepsia and insomnia. He is working constantly under a sense of unfinished tasks, of responsibilities unmet, of homes unvisited, and of schedules broken up by emergency calls.

So it sometimes happens that men break under the strain, or what is worse, that men quit under it. Then appears in the popular magazine the bitter article headed "Why I Left the Ministry." Usually the man who abandons his high calling for a secular pursuit has simply quit because he was a quitter. To charge, as Harold Bell Wright, the novelist, and others have charged, that the minister quits because he has no independence of thought or speech, puts the author of such a statement under the disadvantage of standing for a bare and unmitigated falsehood. A minister of tact and courage can be the most independent man in the community. In one of our great cities I have seen the ministers banded together practically to a man in defiant opposition to the ruling political machine, when every other profession was bowing down in the Temple of Rimmon; and when prominent and powerful political controllers occupied positions of influence in their congregations. Of course, if the minister lacks either tact or courage he cannot thus maintain his independence. There is no license for the man who proves himself to be a lineal descendant of the first talking animal mentioned

in the Scriptures, who needs not to make a fool of himself because Providence has already done it for him. Some ministers have mistaken their prejudices for their principles, scolding for witness-bearing, vehement denunciations for positive testimony, bluster for courage, and obstinacy for firmness. Even the most tactful and courageous of public men will sometimes be involved in storm clouds of misrepresentation. But always he will win in the end if he does but remember, as George Lewes once said, that when the wanderer has lost his path in the storm of dust there is nothing to do but to wait till the stars come out.

It should be said, moreover, quite frankly and even bluntly, that there is considerable misplaced pathos and unworthy shedding of tears over the hardships of clerical life. The crosses of the preacher after all do not kill him, and the figures will show this. One of the oldest and best of insurance companies in America owes its splendid record to the fact that its patrons are confined to the Christian ministry, and that these prove especially good risks, as the tables of mortality will readily show. Distorted and morbid views

of ministerial life have been foisted on the public, either unwittingly or deliberately. The writer of popular novels and the moving-picture producers have been equally guilty. The stage and movie minister, if he be a Protestant, is uniformly caricatured. As a rule the respect paid to the calling by film producers is limited to Roman Catholic priests. It would be humorous, if it were not at the same time tragic, that the man on the street, with perhaps little opportunity of acquaintance in ministerial life, gets his impressions from these faulty and biased sources.

The minister lives the most balanced possible intellectual life. He realizes as does no other class of men the answer to that fine prayer of Tennyson's, "Let knowledge grow from more to more, and more of reverence in us dwell." A great preacher and theologian, on his retirement from active service recently, announced two ambitions for the remaining years of his life. First he would go around the world and study every type of people. And then he said he would read throughout the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Whatever one might think of this program for a happy

old age, it indicates the cosmopolitan, the cyclopedic character of a minister's interests. Everything is grist that comes to his mill. Rightly considered, theology is the one great balancing science which has a place for everything and puts everything in its place. Practically, too, the preacher studies life in all of its phases. The doctor knows his patients only when things have gone wrong. This too is largely true of the lawyer. The minister knows them when they have gone wrong and when they are going rightly, in the crises of joy and the crises of sorrow, in the best moments and the worst, in the storm and in the sunshine, in the valley of decision and on the plains of service. He has the fine fellowship of books. Nearly always the windows of music are open to his soul. He has entrée with the cultured minds and homes of his community.

He has, too, what is perhaps the best environment for his family of any profession. Not an ideal environment, certainly, but more nearly an ideal one than almost any other type of home. It is tragic to upset a popular illusion about the uniform delinquency of the minister's child, but as a matter of fact the saying that the minister's

boy typically turns out badly is an interesting saying, except that it happens to be a lie. A study of great men for generations would reveal that a larger percentage of our best public leadership comes out of ministerial homes than from any other source. More ministers' sons enter the ministry itself than any other class of men except farmers' sons, and it must be remembered that the farmer outnumbers the minister manyfold. His children are brought up with good books and good music and the example of the intellectual life, with high ideals presented both at church and in the home; and the figures will show that whatever the average minister will deny himself he will see to it that his child gets an education. In an age of crass and unspeakable selfishness, which has been content to allow the minister's nominal salary to remain at the same figure while the value of the dollar he has received has depreciated eighty-five per cent, he will still see to it that his boy and his girl get to college and have a chance to develop the life possibilities of a soul which only a thorough education can unloose. And yet there are those who have said he is a poor financier. As a rule he can finance

more forward-looking enterprises on less resource than any man living.

There are, too, the unspeakable compensations of his friendships. These grow richer, sweeter, and more satisfying with the passing years. When the little ones that he has baptized grow up to young manhood and womanhood, are guided through conversion crises of adolescence, and inspired through a course of college education and in the choice of their life work, are married by him after a while, and later bring their own little ones for his blessing; when he has watched in the home through the storm and stress of life's great tragedies that have beaten on those he loves, and has helped them through; he knows the deep satisfying secret of a friendship that can really never be known anywhere else, unless it be in the work of the good Christian doctor. Lives are grappled to him by silken ties of love that grip stronger than hooks of steel. His spiritual children rise up to call him blessed. For myself, when I even try to speak of these friendships something chokes within me and I cannot give it utterance. Only, I understand how Browning felt when he sang,

How should I conceive
What a heaven there may be, let it but resemble
Earth myself have known; no bliss that's finer, fuller,
Only bliss that lasts, they say, and fain would I believe.

All this is only one phase of the supreme joy that comes to a life of service. Pleasure is not to be gained as we make it our main objective. It is a by-product of unselfish service. Omar, the old Persian poet, whose philosophy of life was that of selfish indulgence, is the most melancholy of great singers. Even his mirth is nothing but a pale smile. But Browning, who bade men forget themselves in service to others, found a joy so great that heaven to him was nothing more than the friendships of earth made permanent. I want no better heaven either, than to know that when the scenes of this life fail, my friends shall receive me into everlasting habitations. And I shall know that at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

THE TRUMPET CALL

“I believe in human kindness
Large among the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure’s keenest ken.
I believe in self-denial,
In its secret throb of joy,
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

“I believe in love renewing
All that sin has swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remolding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection I believe.

“I believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God’s unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that’s deeper still:
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph I believe.”

VIII

THE TRUMPET CALL

The times in which we live are desperate. He who is without God would indeed be without hope in this present evil world. The darkest hour of the late war held great physical menace, but never so great a moral menace as the period of slump and degeneration in the spiritual fiber of men which has come as the dreadful aftermath of war. As some one said at Paris during the Peace Conference, "We made a war to end war, now we are making a peace to end peace." Partisan malice, narrow obstinacy, reaction toward national selfishness, peanut politics, have been witnessed in every allied country.

Consider the tragedy and menace of Russia. Delivered out of the tyranny of the Romanoffs, she has plunged, first, into the far more degrading tyranny of the proletariat, and then into military dictatorship. Her house, empty, swept, and garnished of the evil spirit of imperial autocracy, has been occupied by the seven worse devils who pillage and murder in the name of Bolshevism.

Consider Germany, defeated by force of arms, yet unsubdued in spirit, sullenly smothering the rage for revenge which will grimly bide its time awaiting another day. Menaced by the constant danger of royalist and militarist reaction, she has saved herself only by the making of dangerous terms with the most radical elements of her industrial life. How fallen the glory of Martin Luther, of Goethe, of Beethoven! The devastations of war did not visit her borders in the material sense, but the splendid temple of her moral and intellectual and æsthetic glory lies wrecked and ruined.

In France fierce cross currents of social unrest and rising tides of radicalism give pause to thoughtful men, and make the historian wonder whether the "red, fool fury of the Seine" may some day be repeated on a larger scale. When we remember that Clemenceau, the Tiger, the saviour of France, whom we, across the Atlantic, counted the idol of his people, has been hissed and hooted by thousands of radicals who packed the streets for blocks, a mass of raging humanity, we think of that other mob which marched to Versailles long years ago clamoring for bread or blood.

Look at Italy, standing to-day on the thin crust of a volcano whose smoldering passions of social revolt threaten possibilities of eruption more terrible than any ever witnessed from her own Vesuvius.

Japan, with her military group still in the ascendancy, faces the rising tide of social and industrial unrest, and faces, too, the malign hatred of the whole Eastern world, which, rightly or wrongly, looks upon the Island Kingdom as the Prussia of the Orient. More than a century ago Napoleon, speaking of China, said, "When that sleeping giant wakes let the world beware." And the sleeping giant is waking, roused by the alarm clock of war, rubbing from his slant eyes the dust of centuries and millenniums. But alas, the giant wakes to Western intelligence, to Western inventions, to Western fraud and graft and corruption; while the Church, playing at her great task of foreign missions, has not begun to arouse this giant to the spiritual forces which alone have saved Western civilization from utter decay.

England, adept master at the handling of colonies—a master trained through certain severe experiences on the American continent nearly

a century and a half ago—is to-day facing colonial problems ominous with possibilities and well-nigh insoluble in character. In India the constant mutterings of nationalistic and tribal revolt, and in Egypt a great river of anti-foreign passion broad and deep as the Nile, so complicate the Eastern problem that the empire on which the sun never sets faces the most serious crisis in its world administration. While, coming a little nearer home, we see Lloyd George, like Macbeth of old, standing perplexed, while the three weird sisters, the witches of Racial Hate and Religious Hate and Class Hate, are dancing their devils' dance around that seething, bubbling, Irish stew.

“Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.”

Nowhere in all literature is there a more accurate description of the Irish situation.

There was a great preacher in days of old whose name was Amos. His homiletic method was

that kind of ascending climax which began with nations most remote, drew nearer and nearer his own country, and at last drove his passionate shafts of denunciation into the festering heart of the wrongs in his beloved homeland. God give us an hour of Amos in these tragic times! He would have something to say to Russia and Germany and France and Italy; to Japan and China and England and Ireland; but we would find at the very center of his burning indictment the sins of our own America. The slump, war weariness, and the moral and spiritual shell shock of war's aftermath have reacted on America as well as on Europe. We have lost—to put it in a single grim phrase—God help us! we have lost the moral leadership of an organized world. The brooding ghosts of that fine altruism which swept us through the war to glorious victory must now cry “Ichabod, . . . the glory is departed.” We might have put ourselves at the head of all the idealists the world over in leading the nations toward the better world that is to be. We might have strengthened the hands of the progressive groups in every nation. For the present we have lost that supreme opportunity, through a series

of tragic mischances, the responsibility for which does not rest exclusively at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Sir Horace Walpole once said, "I could be proud of my country if it were not for my countrymen." No Christian man can say this; because, when it can function normally, experience has shown that the heart of America is sound and true. Certainly, however, one might paraphrase the old English cynic and say, "I could be proud of my country if it were not for some of my countrymen." Unfortunately, too, a humiliating minority in both of our great political organizations has been in a position to take advantage of our cumbersome and complicated peace-making machinery to hinder and thwart the conscience of America, which had highly resolved that "our sacred dead should not die in vain," but that the flowers should bloom over their graves in a new world which should live, not by fear and force, but by faith and friendship.

But this is no time for futile regrets or unfeeling denunciations. Let the dead past bury its dead, and each man concerned in it prepare to meet his God in the Great Assize. Unto the old lost

opportunity speak the words of the Master in the Garden, "Sleep on now, and take your rest." But girding ourselves for the struggle that yet confronts us, let us hear his ringing summons, "Arise, let us be going."

Henry van Dyke has somewhere said that the finest line in Tennyson's poems occurs in that dramatic scene where King Arthur bids farewell to his guilty Queen Guinevere, turns his back on the irrevocable past, faces the struggle of the future, and cries,

"Now must I hence.

Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow."

The world can yet be saved if men who are kings and priests unto God, turning their backs on the irrevocable past, shall face the great "battle in the west" upon whose issue rests the future of the civilized world. If the things fall for which the preacher stands the world falls with them. If our vision perish, the driving power that moves the world is at a standstill. Many years ago a noted public leader told in my hearing a little story of the old man who kept the farm of Daniel Webster in Massachusetts.

He had but two articles of creed. The first was this: "I believe in the American Union." The second was this: "I believe in Daniel Webster." These two simple beliefs were the motive power of the man's whole life. They were the central sun around which his whole being revolved. But there came a time when a brilliant young senator from South Carolina, Robert Hayne by name, rose up in the United States Senate and delivered a magnificent oration which seemed to have blotted this sun out in darkness. Critics agreed that this great speech had demolished the theory of the American Union, had demolished Daniel Webster. The address, quoted in the *Boston Intelligencer*, a weekly paper of that time, came down to the farm. The old man read it and promptly went to bed. There was nothing left to live for, he said, and he did not care to go on. For a week he lay there, refusing to be comforted. With the next week, however, came the succeeding copy of the *Boston Intelligencer*, containing the now world-famous reply of Webster to Hayne. His son John took the paper up to the old man's bedside. "Father," said he, "here is Mr. Webster's reply to Mr. Hayne." "Take it away," was the curt

reply, "not even Daniel could answer that speech." But John, being wise in his generation, left the paper by the bedside. By and by natural curiosity began to work. The old man glanced at the opening sentences of that matchless oration. Catching the tremendous sweep of its ponderous movement, the pulse of its white-hot passion, the rugged grip of its iron-bound logic, he read on, shivering with excitement, read it first through tears, and then with fiery eyes of exultation. At last John, eagerly waiting below, heard a giant voice roaring down the stairway, "John, John, bring up my boots!" And John brought up the boots. The old man rose, dressed himself, put on his boots, and went out once more to do a man's work in a man's world. Why? Because the thing he had lost had been restored to him; because personal faith and personal loyalty and personal love, belief in the future, belief in the stability of our most sacred ideals, are the factors that put the driving power into all human progress. And it is our great task in these times of doubt and fear and distrust and discontent to bring back to men the faith and loyalty and confidence, both in God and the future, which would

impel them to "put on the boots" and to go out as those who are "neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men." That is the trumpet call to the Christian ministry.

It is a call not only to men of surpassing talents and commanding intellect, but to those who, with five talents or one, have been near enough to Christ that they have learned to feel deeply and intently, to speak out boldly, to fear nothing but sin, and by the grace of God never to quit.

Many years ago the writer heard a great preacher tell of his experience as a professor in one of our theological seminaries. There came a very witty and brilliant lecturer, with a taste for epigrams, who remarked among other things that even God Almighty could not put a four-inch stream through a two-inch pipe. At the close of the lecture a discouraged student came to his teacher and said, "Professor, I am a two-inch pipe all right, and I am afraid that even God Almighty cannot use me." And that wise teacher said: "My boy, it all depends on whether you are talking about water or electricity. If your life is a current of electricity its effect will depend, not on the size of the current, but on its intensity,

not on the amperage, but on the voltage." So this young man, encouraged a little, went out of the seminary to take an obscure country parish which no one else wanted. And for six months he preached, with only a twofold message. Day after day he hammered it home. First: "We are great sinners." Second: "Christ is a great Saviour." But he hammered it home with such intensity, with such tremendous voltage, that presently people began to say, "Probably we are great sinners; and probably, too, Christ is a great Saviour." Soon the whole countryside was roused and swept by a mighty revival, through the ministry of a man who had little amperage, but much voltage; little size, but much intensity.

The fate of the future hangs upon one supreme question: Shall we get enough men to save the world? They need not be great men. But they must be men burning with the intensity of a supreme passion, uplifted and steadied by a supreme belief in a victorious Lord.

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